

# Hollow Ash... Hall

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VI.

When the good ship "Fort Philip" came sailing home from Australia to England many an anxious parent or lover or friend awaited her arrival upon the harbor pier, eager to welcome those who had been so long absent, and who were now returning to leave their native land no more.

Most of these wanderers had left their home and friends in search of gold. Some had been successful, and were returning in the first flush of victorious pride, some had failed and were coming back like the prodigal son of old, willing to eat even the crumbs that might fall from the paternal table, so that the diet of the empty hanks in a far land should be theirs no more. Some were strong and happy, some were ill and sad; but for all alike a welcome was waiting the moment they touched the land.

For all, did I say?

There was one on board for whose arrival no friend was watching, one who came unnoticed and unknown to the land of his birth, one for whom no home more genial than an inn would open wide its doors. Among the eager and excited group who talked to themselves and each other of the friends they hoped to see, he stood a silent listener, with no story of the kind to offer in return. When they landed at last, his like companions were lost to his view among groups of relations and acquaintances, but not a hand was outstretched, not a voice was raised to welcome him. He stood a few moments watching the interchange of greetings, the prayers, the tears of grateful joy, then turned away with quivering lips and moistened eyes.

"Shall I never be missed, never be mourned over like that?" was his thought as he passed from the pier to the busy streets, and made the best of his way to a hotel, to which he had been recommended by the captain of his ship. "Three and twenty years old, and the world before me! That sounds well, but when I know that the world contains no love, no home, no happiness, that I may honestly claim—Ah, well, never mind! I'm not going to be a baby, and cry for the moon; so, adieu to sentiment of every kind, while I drop anchor in this bustling town. Here is the 'Eagle' right before me, and for the sum of one guinea I can purchase smiles without number from the worthy host."

So saying, he entered the "Eagle" and ordered his dinner. But sad thoughts still seemed to haunt him, and when the repast had been cleared away he sat brooding over the fire, biting rather than smoking his cigar, and pulling the ends of his moustache with a frown. At last some memory of the past touched him too keenly. He broke into a bitter laugh.

"The fool I was when I was young!" he thought to himself. "How well I remember the wild dreams that kept me company when I began the race! What wonderful things I was to accomplish then! How soon I was to build my fortune! How I was going about doing good, comforting the sad, relieving the poor, raising up the oppressed. How soon I accomplished all those schemes! How much better the world must be to-day because I have lived in it!"

His face grew still more sad as he mused.

"I laugh at these things now, and yet it makes me unhappy. That would have been a beautiful life if I could but have lived it. I would rather have the heart of those days that could plan the scheme than this I must now own that can only ridicule it! But the young romance has gone, it haunts me no longer. My nature is as barren and worldly as—as even she could desire."

There it was you see. That irrepressible "she" who is sure to be at the bottom of every perplexity and trouble a man can know.

He tugged at his moustache fiercely, and flung his cigar in the grate.

"I can see the place now as if in a dream," he groaned. "Those hills and distant mountains; that calm sky, so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue; the sheep upon the hill side, and the cattle in the pasture chewing the cud lazily, and lying still to feel the warmth! And that other day, a week later, when the sky was heavy with rain. A chill, raw wind blew from those hills, the roadway wet and sodden; so was the glen, through all its fallen leaves. Yet she stood there, bright and gay, and restless and happy. She let the wind blow through her curls, she lifted her face to catch the fallen rain. Great heaven! how beautiful she was! And I have lost her—I shall never see her again!"

He groaned, and covered his face with his hands. Five minutes passed—then he started from his seat.

"This won't do," he ejaculated.

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk."

I agree with him; but one can't well get drunk before the orthodox hours of 10 or 11 p. m. Then no one minds it. It is now 6 o'clock—four hours before I can carry out the Byronic theory. I know what I'll do. I'll go to town and see my uncle and my little pet, Rose."

He rang the bell for a time-table—found that an express train started for London at half past 6. At that time to a minute he was on his way to Mr. Cowley's house in Mecklenburg Square.

CHAPTER VII.

"Tea is ready, if you please, Mrs. Magnum."

At that announcement, made in a very clear yet pleasant voice, Mrs. Magnum started out of her nap, which she had been enjoying in the depths of her velvet chair, rubbed her eyes, and looked up at a young lady who stood on the hearth-rug, a few paces from her.

"Eh? What did you say, Miss Marjorie?" she asked, sharply.

"Tea is ready," replied Miss Mar-

jorie, taking her seat at the head of the table as she spoke.

"Humph," muttered Mrs. Magnum, eyeing her with a sour look of dissatisfaction. "Well, you may pour me out a cup. But where is Mr. Magnum, and Julius, and dear Kate? It is really extraordinary, that when I am so punctual myself, everyone belonging to me should be perfectly unable to understand the value of time, or come to their meals at the proper hours. I am sure, when I was a girl, my mamma would have—"

What her mamma would have done in a similar state of things Miss Marjorie never knew, for at that moment the door opened, and a corpulent, red-faced, good-humored looking man entered, closely followed by a stupid-looking boy of 12. The young lady subsided into a graceful attitude upon the sofa; the boy established himself at Miss Marjorie's elbow, and began an indiscriminate assault upon the eatables; but Mr. Magnum dutifully supplied his wife with a cup of tea and plate of bread and butter before beginning his own meal, which he took at the small table which always stood beside her easy chair.

"Well, my dear," he said, cheerfully, "how has the world used you to-day?"

"As usual," was the whining reply. "The neuralgia any better?"

"No, my dear."

"And the headache?"

"As bad as ever."

"Dear! dear!" said Mr. Magnum, sympathizingly.

Mrs. Magnum sighed and leaned her head upon her hand.

She was the invalid of the family. From early morn to dewy eve she sat in her velvet chair; and during nine months of the year, before a fire hot enough to roast an ox. The atmosphere of the parlor was so stifling as to make a stranger feel faint after breathing it for five minutes at a time; but Mr. Magnum and his son and daughter inhaled it contentedly enough. Miss Marjorie, indeed, was constantly troubled with giddiness and determination of blood to the head; but she was only a companion, and no one paid much attention to her ailments, unless they were of an obstinate, intrusive kind. So, through the sharp winter the double windows of the parlor were closed and padded, and land was nailed around the doors, and sand bags laid at every crack and crevice, lest a breath of cold air should by any chance steal through; and the invalid, basking before the piled-up grate, dozed and ate, and drank through the short days and long evenings, till the light and heat of summer forced her to live a little less like a salamander and a little more like an ordinary human being.

Mr. Magnum was a retired ironmonger, who had made money enough out of his pots and kettles to leave them forever in his fifty-fifth year. It had been his father's business before him, and he had started therein at the age of 21 with the sum of one thousand pounds as pocket money, to say nothing of a trade connection extending half over the Black County. Yet, in speaking of the earlier part of his life he was accustomed to allude to himself pathetically as a "poor orphan," and to hint mysteriously at terrible hardships undergone by him—leaving you to infer that those hardships had been surmounted by him alone, without the slightest aid. The story had a somewhat ludicrous effect when you gazed at the face of the narrator, and heard the puffing sighs with which his obesity compelled him ever to interlard it. Certainly no one looked less like a "poor orphan" than he.

Tea was at length over. Mrs. Magnum nestled herself into the easiest corner of her easy chair. Julius went out; the fair Kitty began to crochet, and Mr. Magnum read the daily paper laboriously aloud. If any one listened to political speeches and stock lists it was not Miss Marjorie. She sat in a far corner of the room, ostensibly engaged in correcting a French exercise of Miss Kitty's, but really thinking of a time and a person far away.

At last Mr. Magnum put down his paper and turned to his wife, with the air of one who has a secret of importance to reveal.

"My dear, who do you think I met at the works to-day?"

"How should I know?" replied Mrs. Magnum, somewhat testily. "Some horrid ironmaster, I presume."

"No, my love—quite a different person. A banker. You must remember hearing me speak of him. Mr. Cowley, of Mecklenburg Square."

Miss Marjorie looked up, flushed and agitated, from her drawing, but no one heeded her.

"Mr. Cowley," replied Mrs. Magnum, slowly. "Yes, I remember hearing you speak of him. What is he doing here?"

"You would never guess, my love. He has a house."

"In this neighborhood?"

"Yes, within a mile of us."

"But what house can there be to let so near us? I know of none. Do you, Kitty, darling?"

"No, mamma."

"Yes, you do, both of you," replied Mr. Magnum, triumphantly. "Only it is just the last house any one in their senses would think of taking. It is Hollow Ash Hall."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Magnum, from among her cushions.

"It is true, my love. Cowley has taken it."

"Is he mad?"

"No—quite sane."

"How long is he to stay?"

"I can't say, my dear. I only saw him a moment."

"Who is with him?"

"His wife and two daughters."

"Then they must be mad!"

"So I should say," replied Kitty, smiling from her sofa.

"I never heard of such a thing, Mr. Magnum."

"Nor any one else, my love. All Banley is wild about it."

"Quite likely."

"Cowley says it will do good."

"How?"

"He thinks that people will not be afraid of the place after any one has lived in it."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"So I say, my dear."

"How long have they been there?"

"Nearly a week."

"Have they seen anything?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I asked him that."

"What did he say?"

"Just what you said a moment ago."

"What?"

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Ah, but did he mean it?"

"I think so. He was quite short with me because I asked."

"What did he want at the works?"

Inquired Mrs. Magnum, after a moment's pause.

"A shovel and a pickaxe, and two or three other tools."

"Then he has seen or heard something; and he is going to pull the hall to pieces in order to find it," replied the lady, with unusual energy.

Mr. Magnum shook his head.

"I wonder if the place is haunted?" he observed, in a musing tone.

"Good gracious! How can you doubt it?"

"People often tell such ridiculous stories about all places like that. What if all the sights and sounds should be nothing but—rats?"

At this heresy Mrs. Magnum held up her hands in horror.

(To be Continued.)

White Ants in Rhodesia.

An interesting description of the ravages of white ants, or termites, in Rhodesia is furnished by Rev. A. Leboeuf to the Zambesi Mission Record for January. The special interest for the contribution centers in the account of the damage done to property by white ants in Rhodesia, which seems to be even greater than in India. It is no uncommon thing, says the writer, for the colonist on returning from his day's labor to find the coat he left hanging on a nail of his cottage wall and the books on the table absolutely destroyed by these tiny marauders. Nor is this all. "On awakening next morning," writes Mr. Leboeuf, "you are astonished to see in the dim light a cone-shaped object rising from the brick floor a short distance from your bed, with two holes on the top like the crater of a miniature volcano. On closer examination you discover that the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boot, which you incautiously left on the brick floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap, and nothing is left of them except the heels, eyelets and, may be, part of the heels."

And as the same dismal story with variations—has to be told about every other article of apparel and all perishable objects, it must be admitted that there are drawbacks to the lot of a settler in Rhodesia.—Nature.

No Profanity in This.

There is no profanity in saying that any certain thing "is not worth a tinker's dam," although it is so considered by many. The expression originated many years ago, when tinkering or mending leaky tin vessels was much cruder than it is now. In former times the use of rosin to check the flow of solder when placed on tin was not generally understood—at least by the roving tinkers. When one of these gentlemen of the road found a job, such as mending a wash boiler or other tin household utensil, he would get from the housewife or domestic a piece of soft dough. With this he would build a dam around the place where he intended to put his solder. Inside of the circle thus formed he poured the molten lead. When the metal had cooled he would brush away the dam of dough that had confined it to the desired limits. The heat, and hardened the heavy paste and baked it thoroughly, so that it was absolutely of no use for anything else. It became one of the most useless things in the world, and there was not enough of it, even, to be worth while carrying to the pigs. Hence the expression, which was originally intended to convey a certain idea, appears to have been retained, while the origin is not generally known.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Fashions in Wearing Horns.

If the question were asked, why do the rhinoceros grow their horns upon the nose, instead of on the head, like other animals? the answer would probably be that they require them for root digging and such like purposes as well as for war, and the nasal position renders them more generally useful than if they were fixed on the top of the skull. At present the rhinoceros is the only quadruped which has a horn of this kind, but a study of fossil mammals shows that he is the sole survivor of a vast number of creatures whose natural weapons were built on the same general plan. In fact, in the days of the rhinoceros' early forefathers horns of this kind were probably much more common than those such as we see on the heads of oxen, antelopes and sheep. In the course of ages the fashion in wearing horns has undergone a radical change, but the rhinoceros who is essentially a conservative beast, has stuck to the older method.—Pearson's Magazine.

The buzzing of a fly in the meeting may make more trouble than the howling of a mob.

A stained-glass window is to be placed in Burton church, Williamsburg, Va., in memory of Chief Justice Marshall, who attended that church while a student at William and Mary College.—Indianapolis News.

Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it; overpay them if you will, but let them get some idea of the equivalents; if they get distorted notions of values at the start they will never be righted.—Talmage.

The tooth often bites the tongue, and yet they keep together.

Despise not a small wound, a poor kinsman or an humble enemy.

PASS LAWS OUT OF DOORS.

Swiss Legislative Body Holds Session in the Open Air.

There are almost as many kinds of parliament as there are races which elect them. Some are amazingly antiquated in their methods of procedure, while others are as go-ahead as it is possible to be. On the continent, however, more or less of a family likeness exists between the parliaments of the various great powers, though in the lesser states there are many interesting and distinctive methods of government. One of the most remarkable instances of these existing today is the "Landsgemeinde" of the canton of Glarus, in Switzerland. The government of no Swiss canton by the people is more absolute than that of Glarus, where the burghers assemble annually to hold their outdoor parliament in a large square—usually on the first Sunday in May, weather permitting. The honored president occupies a platform in the middle of the square. There are places for boys around this platform, the young idea thus being taught early how to legislate wisely and well for his beloved country. Altogether the Landsgemeinde is one of the most quaint and ideal little parliaments in existence.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Miracle Explained.

Bryant, Mo., May 13th.—The sensational cure of Mrs. M. A. Goss of this place has sent a ripple of excitement all over Douglas county, and Dodd's Kidney Pills, the remedy in question, are receiving thereby the greatest advertisement any medicine has ever had in this state.

To satisfy the many inquiries which she finds it impossible to answer by letter, Mrs. Goss has sent the following statement of her case to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"I did not think I could live a day and suffer as I have lived and suffered for months, with Sciatica and Rheumatism. I used baths and liniments of all kinds. Two physicians treated me, one of them for two months. Nothing helped me in the least. I never slept more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time. I was bedfast and had to lie on one side all the time. I used to wish for death to deliver me from such torture."

"A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after I had used them a week I began to improve, and in about four weeks I could sit up in bed. A few days later I walked a quarter of a mile and back. I now do all my own cooking and housework. The pain has entirely left me and I am a well woman. I have taken altogether sixteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

"Mrs. M. A. Goss."

People come for miles to see Mrs. Goss and hear her wonderful story. Dodd's Kidney Pills are working marvelous cures in Missouri.

Advocate Church Trust.

President Harris of Amherst college advocates a church trust. "No man of ability," he says, "likes to spend his energies preaching to one-fifth the population of a small town, when, even then, his tenure of office is precarious. Churches should unite in the common interests of humanity. The social duties imposed upon ministers are another reason why educated men look with disfavor upon the ministerial calling. Preaching is the first duty of ministers. One thing or the other must suffer. As there is little danger that men without Christian belief will be attracted to the Christian ministry, it would be a wiser plan to let the young ministers take charge of their churches without being obliged to run the gauntlet of church councils."

Long Island Claims Gen. Meade.

Robert L. Meade, who has been promoted from colonel to brigadier general by brevet in the marine corps, "for distinguished conduct and public service in the presence of the enemy at the battle of Tientsin, China," is commandant of the marine corps of the Brooklyn navy yard. Long Islanders claim him as a native of Huntington.

Don't Give Them Tea or Coffee.

Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. See and taste.

Writer on Constitutional History.

Dr. William Stubbs, the late bishop of Oxford, whose death took place recently, was undoubtedly the most profound student and writer of English constitutional history that ever lived. His book on that subject is absolutely exhaustive for the period which it covers.

Private Mailing Card.

Private Mailing Card with colored views of scenery on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway sent on receipt of ten (10) cents in stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Agricultural Experiment Stations.

There are now fifty-four agricultural experiment stations in the United States, with 678 experimenters. During 1899 these stations published 445 annual reports and bulletins, containing 16,924 pages.

The transportation facilities would seem to be ample for all possible demands of the mammoth crowds which are expected at the Pan-American Exposition. The entire street railway system of Buffalo, driven by the power of Niagara Falls, is so laid out as to secure direct communication from all parts of the city to the Exposition grounds. At the northern boundary of the grounds there has been built a fine steam railway station. A two-track steam belt line encircles the city of Buffalo, reaching this station, and all the steam railroads centering in Buffalo have access to these tracks. This means of transportation will be extensively used both for excursion trains from out the city and for conveying people from the various parts of the city to the grounds.

Cuba's Prospective President.

Tomas Estrada Palma, the leading candidate for president of the new Cuban republic, has been ever associated with the cause of Cuba Libre, and was for a long time the manager of the junta in New York. His life has been an active one, spent in the service of his country and devoted to the principles of liberty and political equality he imbibed from the study of American institutions. A native of Cuba, he is descended from an ancient family of Castile. He was born at Bayamo in 1835, studied law in Spain and determined when a youth to free Cuba from the yoke of the dons. In 1877 he partly realized his ambition when he was elected president of the Cuban republic. He now bids fair to be made the head of a republic which will be more than the dream of a patriot. After his election he served in the field during the ten years' war, in which over 200,000 Spanish soldiers

Oil King of Texas.

Oil kings are being made and unmade in Texas at present at a rate which makes it somewhat unsafe to announce the coronation of one for fear he may be deposed almost instantly by some contrary turn of fortune. But there seems to be at least one little man who has kept his place long enough to deserve a permanent niche in the temple of fame. His name is D. R. Beatty, and the first big gusher in the famous Beaumont district was opened up by him, and still bears his name. He leased the ground on which the Beatty gusher was dug for \$10, and it has already returned to his company a total of more than a million and a quarter of dollars. Mr. Beatty's time since the excitement began has been taken up with the buying and selling of oil lands. He or his companies, which are practically owned and controlled by him, have hundreds of acres of oil lands under lease, and the way they do business may be judged from the fact that one day last week he refused \$75,000 and later \$90,000 for the lease of a single acre of land near one of the big gushers which he has developed. Mr. Beatty is personally a delicate little man, only five feet six inches in height, and since Jan. 11, when the Beatty gusher started the Texas oil boom, he has been living under a nervous tension which might break down a giant.

Dr. Carl Herslow.

Dr. Carl Herslow, who is generally mentioned as the successor of the present Swedish-Norwegian minister of state, Baron von Otten, is a prominent member of the riksdag. The new army bill is certain to meet with universal approval, and this is the measure advocated by Dr. Herslow. The present administration is sure to resign, whatever the result will be, and as Dr. Herslow has repeatedly been

Son of Sitting Bull.

The eldest son of the Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, is now a thrifty and prosperous bootblack in Philadelphia. His Indian name is Montezuma, but he is known to his friends and patrons as Harry Parker. He is a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, where he took high honors in the classics and as an athlete. When he left college he found it difficult to get a position where he could use his education, but he determined that he would not remain idle. Without wasting time he promptly set up in business as a bootblack, and he now owns and conducts one of the most prosperous stands in Philadelphia. He has saved considerable money and is about to open several branch stands in other parts of the city. Montezuma is married to Winona, a full blood Sioux girl, whose father was one of the great chiefs of the tribe, and they have two children. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who are generally called, own a pretty home, and are in every respect model citizens of the Quaker City.

Germany and Monroe Doctrine.

An English paper, whose wish is evidently parent to the thought, says that the German emperor is preparing for war on the Monroe doctrine. He wants South America, and he wants it had. For this he is building a giant navy and in fancy he already hears the thunder of his guns as they rock on the mighty deep. A Paris paper laughs at the idea and then says: "The German navy is yet young, while the Monroe doctrine is hoary with age. And the kaiser is young yet, and youth will have its fling. Let the kaiser build his navy and aim its cannon at the Monroe doctrine. When he does there will be war, and war on a generous and satisfying scale. And when the war is over the kaiser will have a chance to sit down and figure up his assets and liabilities, among which assets should not be forgotten the title of 'war lord.' Meanwhile, the United States of America will continue to do business at the old stand, and incidentally may have a little navy of their own, which fact should not be lost sight of by those who figure out a peck of trouble for your Uncle Samuel."

Germany's Able Chancellor.

If the rumor that Count von Buelow is to be pushed out of the German chancellorship should be verified by events Germany must be deprived of the services of one of the very ablest of contemporary statesmen. The count is now in the prime of life, being only 52 years old, but he has had a long experience in the affairs of government. He took part in the Franco-German war, was attached to the staff of the Berlin congress, was first secretary at the Paris and St. Petersburg embassies, charge d'affaires at Athens during the Russo-Turkish war, managed the negotiations at Bucharest which brought about the accession of Roumania to the triple alliance, was minister to Italy, then secretary for foreign affairs, from which post he was advanced to this present position.

Dr. Herslow.

requested to take a seat in the cabinet, everything points to him as the future minister of state for the two countries. Dr. Herslow is the editor-in-chief of Sydsvenska Dagliga Sannheten, one of the leading newspapers in Sweden, and it is the first time in the history of Sweden that a man from this profession will occupy the high position of a cabinet minister, a convincing proof of the progress of democratic ideas in Sweden. For several years Dr. Herslow was the speaker of the second chamber, and has long been considered the leading statesman of Sweden. His platform, "a just division of citizens' privileges and duties and the right to offer his life for his country as a soldier should also be accompanied with the right to vote," has made him the idol of the Swedish people.

The Chinese Indemnity.

The international committee on indemnity at Peking has reported in favor of a total of \$273,000,000. Large as is this bill of damages which China must pay for the Boxer riots, it is considered smaller than some of the European powers were at first inclined to demand. Credit for this reduction must be given to the United States. When the other powers were pressing claims amounting to a total of \$400,000,000 the Americans urged that one-half or one-quarter of that sum ought to be sufficient.

Alexander Wins Carnegie Prize.

John W. Alexander has been awarded the Carnegie prize of \$500 offered for the best painting exhibited by the Society of American Artists in New York, his subject being "Autumn." Mr. Carnegie congratulated the prize winner in the following cablegram from Antioch, France: "Delighted prize from one Pittsburgher goes to another. Cordial congratulations."

Discussing the habits of other great men he has shaved, the President's barber says: "Mr. Roosevelt was always chatty. He discussed anything that happened to be the subject of public attraction—politics, prize fights, sports, religion or anything that people were talking and thinking about."

Frederick Greta Baldauf, a new German poetess, was a waitress last summer at the restaurant "Zum Krokodil" at Baden-Baden. Admirers of her talent have found her a more agreeable situation.

There is many a good wife that can neither sing nor dance.

THE SASKATOON DISTRICT.

ONE OF THE NEW WESTERN CANADA DISTRICTS.

The Great Advantages of Settlement Where the Soil is of Unexampled Fertility.

During the past year or two a large number of American settlers (those going from the United States to Canada), have made homes in the Saskatoon district in Western Canada. They have found the climate all that could be desired and their prospects are of the brightest. In writing of it a correspondent says:

The lands for sale are choice selections from a large area, and every farm is within easy distance of a railway station. Experience has shown that this district enjoys immunity from summer frost, from cyclones and blizzards. The South Saskatchewan, flowing through the tract, is one of the finest rivers in the country, being navigable and having an average width of stream of 1,000 feet.

The agents of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in your paper and who will be pleased to furnish full information, tell me that within the limits of the tract there are two distinct varieties of soil. One is a rich black loam, and the other is a somewhat lighter loam, containing a small admixture of sand. There appears to be no appreciable difference between the fertility of these two kinds of soil. Both are alluvial in their characteristics, both are marvelously productive, and both rest upon a subsoil of clay. The advantage of this formation is that it retains the heat of the day during the night, and is favorable to the early maturity of crops. Every kind of crop will here attain the highest perfection of quality. The land is admirably adapted for stock-raising and dairy farming, as well as growing grain. Some idea of the richness of the natural grasses of the prairie may be formed from the fact that more than 200 tons of hay were gathered within a short distance of Saskatoon and stored up for use during the winter. A growth so luxuriant demonstrates beyond all possible question the suitability of the land for pasturing cattle, and no doubt this important industry will be largely carried on.

Nature has been lavish in her gifts to this territory. Not only is the soil of unexampled fertility, but the climate is delightful and healthy. Such is the testimony of every settler, and this testimony is confirmed by enthusiastic opinions from every traveler, explorer, missionary or newspaper correspondent who has ever visited this famous Saskatchewan Valley. In former years vast herds of buffalo came here to winter from the elevated storm-swept regions south of the United States boundary line, proving thereby the adaptation of these rolling prairies to the purpose of raising stock. The land is dry, with sufficient, but not excessive rainfall, capable of early cultivation in the spring, and free from summer frosts. The configuration of the country renders artificial drainage unnecessary, and prevents the accumulation of stagnant pools; mists and fogs are seldom seen. The days of summer are full of sunshine, under the genial influence of which crops rapidly ripen. Autumn is characterized by an almost unbroken succession of fine weather, during which the crops are safely garnered. In winter it is cold, but extremely exhilarating and pleasant, owing to the wonderful dryness and bracing qualities of the air. The winter is a source of profit as well as enjoyment to the people, being far healthier than a humid climate.

Water and fuel—these two prime necessities of life are plentiful throughout the district.

A Curious Mistake.

Word comes from Hawaii of a curious mistake that arose there through "America" and "God Save the King" being set to the same music. A British war ship called there, and the commander made an official call on Governor Dole. The government band played "God Save the King" as the visitors came up. The Hawaiian house of representatives was in session, but the members did not know what was going on outside. When the music began one member suggested that all stand up while the national anthem, "America," was being played. The idea was promptly adopted.

South Dakota Farms.

Is the title of an illustrated booklet just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, descriptive of the country between Aberdeen and the Missouri River, a section heretofore unprovided with railway facilities, but which is now reached by a new line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Everyone contemplating a change of location will be interested in the information contained in it, and a copy may be had by sending a two-cent stamp to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The carrying power of British shipping, including colonial, is now 30,300,000 tons, against 3,400,000 tons in 1850.

Great Britain's revenues from the Chinese opium trade amount to \$10,000,000.

Some articles must be described. White's Yucca needs no description; it's the real thing.

The national debt of Norway amounts to about \$60,000,000.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND NERVOUSNESS, quickly cured by DR. CRANE'S QUAKER TONIC TABLETS.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

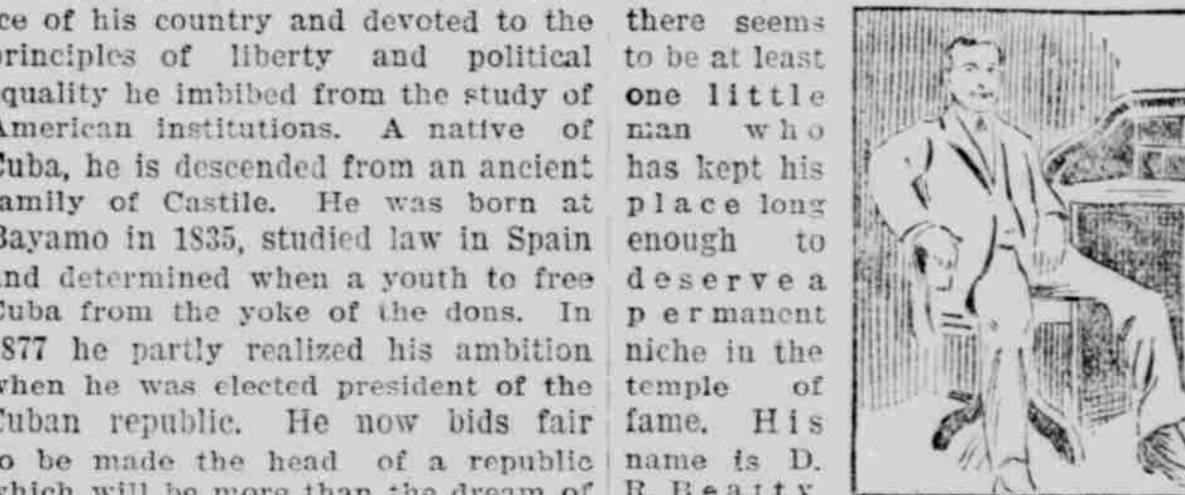
The Adventists in Detroit will establish parochial schools.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

The man who is lazy never has time to do anything.



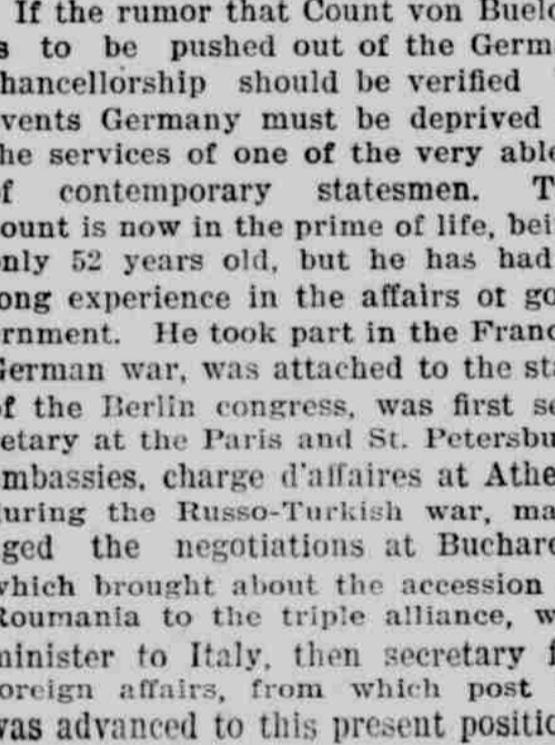
People and Events



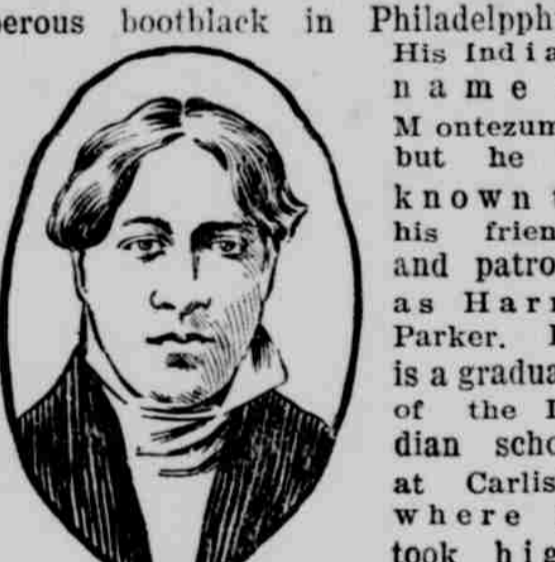
TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.



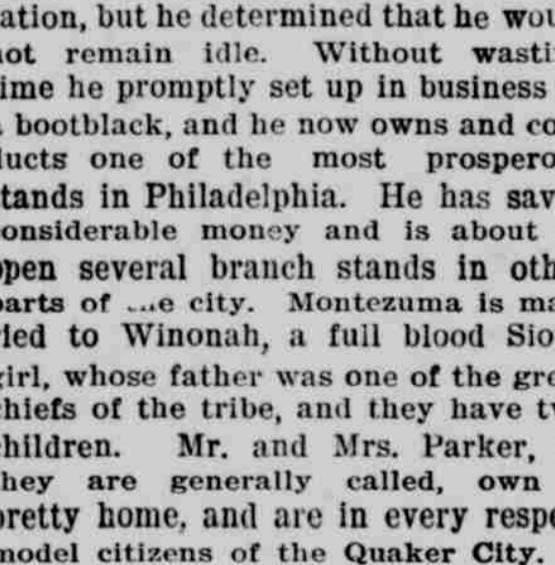
DR. CARL HERSLOW.



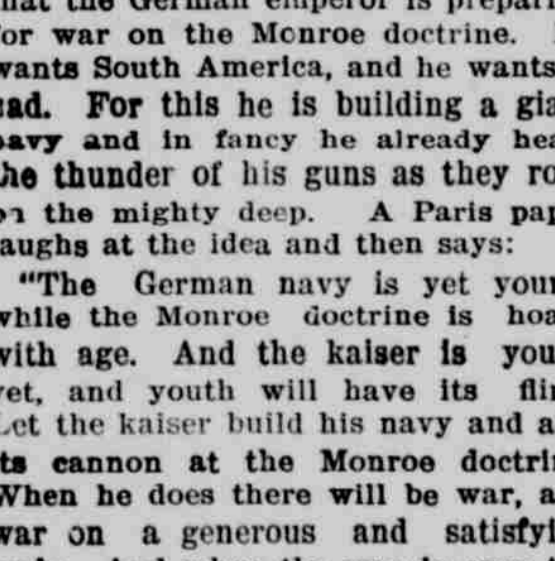
SON OF SITTING BULL.



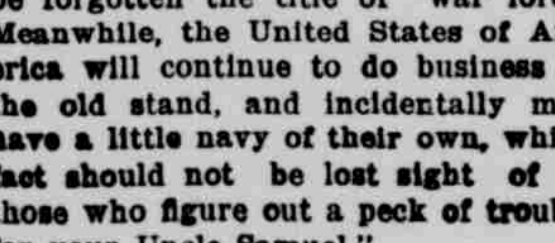
SON OF SITTING BULL.



SON OF SITTING BULL.



SON OF SITTING BULL.



SON OF SITTING BULL.